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JEFFERSON DAVIS AS HISTORIAN.*

Mr. Davis has undertaken the task, in his "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," of justifying the secession of the Southern States in 1861 on constitutional grounds. The argument is old; but advanced by one who has been a conspicuous figure in the world, it will attract wide and in many cases sympathetic attention. Mr. Davis yields to the arbitrament of war, but nowhere in the two bulky volumes does he concede that justice may underlie the decision of the majority, while there is abundant evidence that notwithstanding his prominence in public affairs, he has not been a profound student of history, and that to-day, at an age exceeding that of most men, he is ignorant of that mysterious moral force, superior to

individuals or combinations of individuals, that ever controls the destinies of nations. But there remained no other ground of justification for the fatal step that plunged over thirty millions of people into civil war. The Union being a compact between independent sovereign States, and the parties to the compact being the sole judges of its infringement, "the Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw" at any time peacefully. The "denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States, and the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding States was in disregard of the limitations of the constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence." Every step in the prosecution of the war was extra-constitutional; and after the Confederate Government, overcome by numbers and the treachery of several of its leading generals, yielded to the conqueror, every act toward the reconstruction of the Union was a further departure from the spirit and the exercise of a power not warranted by the letter of the constitution.

To that part of the history which relates to the conduct of the war and the alleged usurpation and tyranny of the Federal Government, this brief review will make no reference. There is evidence that Mr. Davis's statements are likely to be sharply criticised by the officers of both armies; and to the impartial judgment of mankind we may safely leave the question of humanity and moral responsibility. Our attention shall be given rather to the theme which evidently has filled the thoughts of the author for many years—the limitation of the powers of the general government and the rights of the States. The press is wont to decry a discussion of this subject as a profitless threshing of old straw;

*THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT. By Jefferson Davis. 3 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

but a people can never recur too often to fundamental principles, and in the American Republic the relations of the people to the State and to the Federal Government must ever be held to be of paramount importance. That a large minority of the people hold to Mr. Davis's views is undeniably true; and future dissensions can only be surely averted by prompting the people to a thorough study of our constitutional history, uninfluenced by party passions.

When Mr. Davis claims that the Union of the Fathers was a compact between sovereign States from which it was universally conceded a part might withdraw at will without the consent of the others, he perverts history. Mr. Webster, in his great speech of February 16, 1833, in reply to Mr. Calhoun,* effectually disposed of the argument that the constitution is a compact between sovereign States; and it is cause for wonderment that any of this day are so obtuse as not to accept that statesman's clear exposition as final. Hamilton had declared—and Washington approved the sentiment—that every power vested in a government is in its nature sovereign, and includes by force of the term "a right to employ all the means requisite and fairly applicable to the attainment of the ends of such power, and which are not precluded by restrictions and exceptions specified in the constitution, or not immoral, or not contrary to the essential ends of political society." And this view was enlarged upon by Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, in delivering the opinion of the Court in the case of *McCulloch vs. The State of Maryland*. The historical fact is that the constitution was not passed upon by the State government, but was submitted in each State to a convention of delegates chosen by popular voice. The language of the constitution is "We the people"—not the sovereign States—"do ordain and establish," etc.; thus the source of sovereignty conferred upon the Federal Government supreme power. Hence Mr. Webster asks:

"Is it not doing strange violence to language to call a league or a compact between sovereign powers a *government*? The government of a State is that

organization in which the political power resides. It is the political being created by the constitution or fundamental law. The broad and clear difference between a government and a league or compact is, that a government is a body politic; it has a will of its own, and it possesses powers and faculties to execute its own purposes. Every compact looks to some power to enforce its stipulations. Even in a compact between sovereign communities there always exists this ultimate reference to a power to insure its execution; although in such case this power is but the force of one party against the force of another; that is to say, the power of war. But a *government* executes its decisions by its own supreme authority. Its use of force in compelling obedience to its own enactments is not war. It contemplates no opposing party having a right of resistance. It rests on its own power to enforce its own will; and when it ceases to possess this power, it is no longer a government."

That the opinion which Mr. Davis urges was not the opinion of the majority at the time of the adoption of the constitution, is clearly established by this other historical fact that the delegates who withdrew from the Constitutional Convention or refused to sign the instrument adopted because it established a national government with what they were pleased to call "dangerous powers" were unable to enforce their views in their own States and prevent the approval of the constitution. Mr. Luther Martin, of Maryland, the ablest of this minority, not content with the rebuke which he had received from his own people, afterward insisted that the constitution did not emanate from the people, but was the act of sovereign and independent States. Doubtless this interpretation was resorted to by the extreme Anti-Federalists as a means to save to the people something of that liberty they supposed had been surrendered in the formation of a national government. This view is sustained by the action of Mr. Jefferson and his partisans, in 1798 and 1799, who, alarmed by the political folly of the Federalists as shown in the alien and sedition laws, proclaimed the doctrine of nullification in what are known as the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. How far short this was of the views generally held at that time is shown by the refusal of the legislatures of most of the other States to adopt the nullification resolutions. Mr. Madison had said, in 1787, that he held for a fundamental point that an individual independence of the States "is utterly irreconcilable with the idea of an aggregate sovereignty." It will thus be seen that Mr.

* The remarkable change of Mr. Calhoun, from being a supporter of the power of the general government to establish a national bank in 1816 to denying the right to collect duties in 1823, is doubtless familiar to the reader. A letter in my possession, written in 1817, shows that that gentleman then entertained sentiments very different from those held by him later in life, when the hope of the Presidency had departed.

Davis does not read correctly the history of the formation of the constitution and the period immediately following, and that he has put forward the notions of extreme partisans of the French school as the opinions of those who formed the constitution, under whose influence and guidance the people of the thirteen States established it as the fundamental law of the land.

"Can any historical fact be more demonstrable," asks Mr. Davis, "than that the States did, both in the Confederation and in the Union, retain their sovereignty and independence as distinct communities, voluntarily consenting to federation, but never becoming the fractional parts of a nation?" It is a favorite method of the extreme states-rights doctrinaires to argue from the Confederation to the Union, ignoring the fact that in the adoption of the constitution a political revolution was effected. Confederate government had proved a failure, and the people escaped from their miserable condition by organizing into a national government. "To be more exposed," wrote Washington to Lee in 1785, "to be more exposed in the eyes of the world, and more contemptible than we already are, is hardly possible." What brought the change and made the republic one of the strongest and most respected governments in the world? The adoption of the constitution which had been made by Washington and Franklin, Hamilton and Madison, Dickenson and Morris, despite the vigorous opposition of Luther Martin, Patrick Henry, Mason, and other extreme advocates of a compact or league.

It was to be expected that Mr. Davis would charge the North with sectional aggrandizement, and hold it responsible "for the war that resulted;" but it is cause for regret that fifteen years of retirement and meditation have failed to transform the partisan into a philosopher. We are constantly confronted by the methods of the mere politician, and find that what is put forth as history is more remarkable for its omissions than for what it contains. This being the character of the work, we are not surprised at the statement that no moral considerations were really involved in the controversies which so long agitated and finally ruptured the Union; nor at the suppressions of facts in the discussions of the adoption of the famous Ordinance of 1787, of the Missouri Compromise, of the public agita-

tions from 1828 to 1848, of the Compromise of 1850, and the Kansas-Nebraska struggle. Mr. Davis has carefully eliminated from his narrative the arguments of his opponents, and all recognition of the moral force at work preparing the ground for the conflict that was inevitable. Was there no moral consideration back of the Ordinance of 1787, whose beneficent statesmanship is of itself sufficient to secure immortality to the old Congress? or in the decision of Mr. Justice Story in the case of *Prigg vs. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*, in 1842, which relieved the Northern magistrate of the degrading business of slave-catching and restored his manhood and self-respect?

We turn from the disappointing text, with feelings of relief and unfeigned pleasure, to the language with which the author concludes his work:

"In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong; and, now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua*."

WM. HENRY SMITH.

THE TALLEYRAND LETTERS.*

The vast mountain of things that "might have been" was vastly added to by the Congress of Vienna. Everything was planned, nothing was accomplished. Marriages, births, and deaths were pre-arranged, none of which ever came off except the deaths. Lands by the kingdom and souls by the million were bargained and bandied about among the royal hucksters; but the purchases and sales, trades, thefts, gifts, and substitutions, all fell short in the essential element of delivery. Man proposed and Napoleon disposed. He came back from Elba, and the emperors, kings, princes, potentates and powers, plenipotentiaries and lackeys, all scuttled away from the

* THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND KING LOUIS XVIII DURING THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA (hitherto unpublished). From the MSS. preserved in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris. With a preface, observations, and notes, by M. G. Pallain. Authorized American Edition, with a Portrait and descriptive Index. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Congress of Vienna and the spoliation of the world, like flies leaving a carcass on the descent of a vulture.

Therefore we are happily spared the task of toiling through the bushels of words to pick out the kernels of fact; there were no kernels of fact. Talleyrand labored for the injury of Russia by the rehabilitation of Poland; but Poland remained a mere tradition, and is so to this day. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia plotted for the destruction of Saxony; but Saxony as a kingdom outlived them both, and has only been Prussianized in our own times after great wars fought by their successors. Prince Metternich, being desperately in love with the Queen of Naples, used all the influence of Austria to keep the King of Naples (Murat) on his throne; but first the King and then the throne of Naples were swept into oblivion; they are dead and buried, like Metternich and his fair enslaver—all alike have fallen prey to worms and biographers.

Nothing in history is more strikingly dramatic than the dispersion, by Napoleon's advance, of the squabbling and chattering old magpies at the Congress. All through this bulky volume we read the voluminous letters of Talleyrand to Louis XVIII, and the short, lazy and kingly replies returned to them; and at last, just when the visits of ceremony had all been paid, and the notes of ceremony had all been written, and the dances of ceremony had all been danced, and the Austrian treasury was quite bankrupt with paying all the bills (see pp. 119, 120, etc.), and every object aimed at by any power had been effectually thwarted by the rest, and all seemed nearly ready to sign a happy compromise by which the balance of power would have been secured and nobody would have been satisfied,—behold, Napoleon returns to France and France returns to Napoleon, and everything is "knocked into a cocked hat," which cocked hat perfectly fits the head of Napoleon Bonaparte. Then the farce ends and the tragedy begins; the plenipotentiaries are soon all away in their several hiding-places, where they stay until, at Waterloo, in lurid fires, the curtain goes down on farce, tragedy, and all.

The one bit of straightforward, laconic good-faith that illumines the foggy atmosphere of the Congress is where Wellington comes on the scene. Fortunately for his

fame, he is soon called away to more congenial fields where gunpowder does the talking.

Observe the difference between two of Louis's letters to Talleyrand:

"PARIS, 27th October, 1814.—My Cousin. * * * I am about to give orders that the army be placed in a state to take the field. * * * It is no less necessary, and it is also my desire, to cause my own personal character to be respected, and not to allow it to be said, as it was in the matter of the Spanish *charge d'affaires*, that I am strong only with the weak. My life, my crown, are nothing to me in comparison with interests so much greater."

This is a fair specimen of the best part of the King's letters. The worse portions of them (in our republican view) are those wherein he shows his unwavering tenacity of the "rights" of all royal families, especially that of Bourbon. Space forbids our quoting from these; and they are, after all, only interesting as showing the workings of the mind in a man, a king, and a Bourbon. But now turn to his latest letter—observe the date, the place, and the tone:

"OSTEND, 26th March, 1815.—My Cousin. * * * The desertion of the whole army left me no choice as to the steps I should take. As my life is supposed to be necessary to France, it was my duty to provide for my safety, which might have been endangered if I had stayed some hours longer at Lille."

While he had an army, life and crown were as nothing compared to pride and principle; but when the collapse came the poor king's life at once became necessary to France and had to be preserved at any price.

The scheming and plotting of the assembled magnates at Vienna reminds one irresistibly of that scene in "Ruy Blas" where Don-This and the Duke-of-That and the rest of the Spanish ministers are quarrelling over the spoils of office. "You have the governorship of the Brazils, while I have only the salt monopoly!" etc. etc. To them comes the low-born Prime Minister and scatters them with bitter words which upbraid their grasping extortions. If he had given them blows instead of words, the parallelism of that scene with Napoleon's intrusion into European councils would be still more complete.

Yet although as a history of events we need not wade through this record, still as a picture of life and times the letters are very good reading and a capital prelude to Talleyrand's memoirs, which lie somewhere in the world, sealed up for publication at a future

time, which time must be now near at hand. The Ambassador, in his letters to his king, gives conversations word for word; guesses at people's secret thoughts, views and wishes; pictures of life, narratives of events, etc. etc., in a manner that carries the reader well back to the slow generation that preceded railways and telegraphs.

For Talleyrand's true and undeniable greatness we must look to other sources than this correspondence. It is in the very nature of things that a minister writing to his sovereign will portray not his devotion to great and world-wide principles—liberty, justice, philanthropy, and the other universal and eternal verities—but rather his personal service to his august patron. We judge from these letters that he was strong in the bad cause of "legitimacy," and that he triumphed in struggles with other mighty minds, the contests being such as humanity at large contemplates indifferent as to which schemer wins and which loses. Here is a specimen of his lighter style:

"The Court of Vienna continues to entertain its noble guests with hospitality, which, considering the state of its finances, must be very onerous to it. Everywhere are to be seen emperors, kings, empresses, queens, hereditary princes, reigning princes, etc. etc.; the Court pays everybody's expenses, and the expenditure of each day is estimated at 220,000 paper florins. Royalty certainly loses some of the grandeur which is proper to it at these gatherings. To meet three or four kings and a still greater number of princes at balls and teas at the houses of private individuals, as one does at Vienna, seems to me unbecoming. It is in France alone that royalty preserves the éclat and the dignity that render it at once august and precious in the eyes of nations."

(It needs our knowledge of the events of the next few months to appreciate fully the unconscious irony of these observations.)

With judicious skipping of all the portions which the writer thinks most important, and easy reading of everything which he merely throws in *en passant*, the reader will find these letters, with their excellent notes, to be very charming, suggestive, and instructive.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

PARTON'S LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.*

Has Voltaire, too, succeeded, like Shakspeare, in concealing his personality under the diversity, multiplicity, and "otherness" of his

work? Were both of these men essentially actors whose identity is lost to the world by the very frequency of their appearance and the perfection of those disguises without which their capacity as artists could not have become manifest? Nothing is so apparent on the face of Mr. Parton's biography as the truth of these modest lines in his preface:

"The Voltaire of these volumes is the nearest to the true one that I have been able to gather and construct. I think the man is to be found in these pages delineated by himself. But he was such an enormous personage that another writer equally intent upon truth could find in the mass of his remains quite another Voltaire."

If one should first read the "fifty thousand printed pages of his (Voltaire's) composition, including more than two hundred and sixty separate publications," and the "published correspondence of Voltaire comprising more than ten thousand letters," which Mr. Parton says were before him in writing this "Life," and nearly every page of which contains an atom of biography which Mr. Parton had had his eye upon, indexed, and considered; and after thus deriving from original sources the grounds of his interest in the life of Voltaire, should ask, "what manner of man performed all this work?" the biography just written by Mr. Parton would form a complete and satisfactory answer to this question.

This is undoubtedly a great and rich work of art of its kind, and any criticism upon it must consist simply in denoting its kind. It is not the history of the ideas of Voltaire, but of the person who was impelled by them. It exhibits the workings of the engine, not of the boiler. The incidents which resulted to the notary's son in consequence of his having risen to the first intellectual position in Europe are given, but the conflict of ideas which elevated him to this position is assumed and recognized, not elucidated. It is not, therefore, a critical or analytical history of Voltaire's philosophy or poetry considered as a phase in the onward march of European progress and culture. Indeed, Voltaire was a man of affairs rather than a theorist. He loved art and abhorred metaphysics. He was probably no friend of "systems" or "schools" of thought, but worked for immediate effect on the men around him—for the present and not for posterity. Instead of waiting for fame he had constantly to toil to

* THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By James Parton. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

keep up with his reputation. Once sent to the Bastille for a poem he did not write, and again detained for an epigram not his own, his celebrity outstripped both his merits and his faults. Parton gives us a sympathetic and appreciative, versatile, and picturesque narrative of what happens to one who becomes a leader of the liberal thought of Europe without intending more than to amuse Europe and himself.

An acquaintance with Voltaire's writings and ideas must be obtained elsewhere, to render this book in all respects satisfactory. The untiring industry and choice elective taste with which Mr. Parton collects his materials is apparent; but the materials relate to Voltaire as an actor and artist, not as a thinker. The high art, eluding detection as art, and assuming the inevitableness of truth, with which he weaves his magic spell of narrative, needs no mention. It is an element of English literature, like the sententious antitheses of Gibbon, the gilded pomp of Macaulay, the park-like preparedness of Irving, or Emerson's self-luminous haze of star-dust. People will rightly assume, in taking up a volume by Parton, that though they may wish he had treated the same topic in another of its phases or wandered in other fields, yet that all his pages will be compact with swelling life and filled with a certain muscularity of striking thoughts.

On p. 307 of vol. 1 he defines the vocation of a religious newspaper as being "to convey the truths it hates to minds most in need of them." This crucial definition is *à propos* to the statement that the Jesuit "Journal de Trévoux" "had assailed with weak and blundering severity the Encyclopædia, Voltaire's 'Essai sur les Mœurs,' his poem upon Natural Religion, and other works of humanizing tendency. But to denounce those works it was necessary to name, describe, and quote them, and thus to spread abroad some knowledge of their contents among the class which the works themselves would not otherwise have reached."

Some of Mr. Parton's aphorisms are admirable. Describing (on p. 95, vol. 1) the Duke of Orleans of the period, he says:

"He was a child of his period—of *our* period,—when so many young men, on discovering that there are errors in the accepted scheme of the universe, assume also that ginger will not burn the mouth."

A large majority of mankind will regard the following sentence (vol. 2, p. 300) as one that needs sweetening:

"We find everywhere and always that whatever depresses man exalts and exaggerates the priest."

Describing Jean-François Boyer (vol. 2, p. 291) Parton says:

"It was he who gave rich abbeys and nominated bishops; through him alone was fortune or rank to be won in the church. He used his power with unswerving purpose to crush opposition to the Bull Unigenitus, and to enforce the supremacy of the church over the human mind. Like most of the extremely mischievous men, he was strictly moral, and seems to have coveted nothing for himself but power. Probably, too, he was 'ass' enough to believe in the system of fictions of which himself was part. Sincere, moral, disinterested, obstinate, and without intelligence; he was just the man to push a despotism far on toward its destruction, and this he did."

Mr. Parton pictures the man Voltaire in his various parts as man of the world, man of letters, diplomatist, poet, wit, connoisseur of art, science, philosophy, and voluptuous living, antagonist of persecutors and of moralists, hater of those great social oppressions and misjudgments which only men who are individually virtuous obtain the power to commit *en masse*. He leaves the reader to form his own estimate of Voltaire's general influence upon the world. He does not even attempt a condensed summary of the man's purposes, convictions, or views. There is no laudation of his motives—nor, indeed, of any element in Voltaire except his breadth or vastness of range; and, in one or two matters, like the reversal of the sentence upon poor Jean Calas after he had been burned, his sense of justice and humanity. No inventions, discoveries, or profound theories, are claimed for him. His learning was as superficial as it was diversified, as it is apt to be with men who are thoroughly practical and successful. He easily fell into error both in his science and in his history. The same ease in erring pertained to the church with which he incidentally combated. A vast aggregation of men who do not understand a question will sustain and encourage each other to a more outspoken declaration of their misapprehensions than any single individual acting on his own judgment could possibly fall into. In this manner organizations, whether in science, politics, religion, or morals, occasionally become the authoritative ex-

ponents of notions which not one of its members individually believes.

Most persons will continue to judge of any life that may be written of Voltaire, not with reference to the fidelity with which it is written, but exclusively with reference to the question whether Voltaire ought to have led the life he did. Our convictions on this point will depend on our antecedent conviction as to whether the Catholic Church in France in the period from 1704 to 1778 understood very well the meaning of life, the nature of duty, and the truth of things. Neither party to a game of cards is conscious for the time being that the game which his antagonist is playing is as essential to his amusement as his own. But if his antagonist should stop the hostile moves, he could no longer proceed. The church and infidelity each think that if it were permitted to make the moves on both sides the game would be greatly improved. Instead of which, if Nature should permit the opinions of either to prevail, both would suddenly find that the game was up. So in the grinding of wheat—if the critical reader prefers to regard life as more like a grind than a game—the lower millstone is as useful as the upper. Such is the duality of force which everywhere pervades both nature and thought.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

Mr. Edward A. Freeman seems to be at home in nearly all realms of Aryan history and the sciences allied to it. Scholarship qualifies him to be a severe critic of theories long cherished, and a careful expositor of events and terms that have been obscured by time or perverted by ignorance and prejudice. If his criticisms be sometimes too persistently marshalled, and his explanations too tedious or theoretical for readers who turn to primers for a knowledge of the universal past, his disposition to treat subjects with accuracy and thoroughness are appreciated by those who regard history as worthy of a place among the sciences. It is well to have minute expositions of such terms as "English," "Imperator," and "in commendam," in order to un-

derstand the relations of Anglo-Saxon kings to each other and to Scotland. While Mr. Freeman makes excellent contributions to the Epoch-series fashion which almost rules the day, he rather courageously assumes that European peoples and events are yet to be studied with intentions of mastery, and that a philosophy of European history is attainable. No little study is requisite in order to understand the organization of modern Europe and the causes of its vast influence over the earth. The student may now find one of the needed means in Freeman's "Historical Geography of Europe." Some patient training is required to bring us into the habit of viewing the great dominion of the Franks, from Clovis to Francis II (1806), as a continuation of the old Roman Empire in the West; but Mr. Bryce makes his reputation on that theory, and Mr. Freeman drills us into it, and says that in 1806 "the succession which had gone on from Augustus ended: the work of Charles the Great was undone." Whether or not this theory be the true solution of affairs during thirteen centuries, there was a German Empire, or Holy Roman Empire, as the immediate successor of the Roman. Whether they were really two empires, or whether they were virtually so united as to have one series of vertebræ, they are the spinal column of European history. For the old Roman Empire gave unity to Southern and Western Europe; the Franks took possession of all the Roman field west of Greece, except Spain and Britain, and, adding to it all the Teutonic lands on the Continent south of Scandinavia, they secured unity within the German Empire until the treaty of Verdun (843); and the divisions of that empire gave rise to the nationalities which long battled for the imperial sovereignty over Europe. So great have been the changes within the old empire of Charlemagne, that France is now a republic; Italy is no longer papal, but a political kingdom, having won and unified nearly all the states that she had lost; Austria holds fewer lands which came into her control, like disjoined farms, by marriages, and still administers encumbered estates without much national solidarity; and Prussia, creeping out of her little corner on the Baltic, has crossed the Rhine, brought unity to the German states, and become imperial. This new German Empire, says Mr. Freeman, "is in no sense a continu-

* THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE. By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. One vol. text, one vol. maps. New York: Scribner & Welford.

ation or restoration of the Holy Roman Empire which fell sixty-four years before its creation," although it may be fairly viewed as a restoration of the old German kingdom founded by the East Franks. But on this concession we ask if Prussia did not restore the Roman imperialism quite as really as did Clovis? If her new empire be not an extension of the old backbone, it is the new spinal column of German history. For the explanation of these and other political changes in Europe we gratefully accept this admirable contribution to its historical geography.

The author evidently does not think that the study of geography should be limited to children in common schools, nor that the subject is exhausted in atlases which describe merely the present state of the nations of the world. It has wearied many a lad whose attention was forced upon maps of localities, and whose memory was loaded with details concerning soils, products, climates, and populations. It was anything but alluring to him, and in his list of books for a future library it had no eminent place. It was not to be read, but merely consulted, like a city directory, when other means of information failed. But geography becomes fascinating when the map is an object-lesson in history, and when a series of maps shows the changes of boundary, government, race, and religion in a province. There is an interest in human life, struggles, and progress.

History is also made interesting by the kind of geography which pictures forth the settlements, movements, and possessions of nations. The fine maps in Freeman's "Norman Conquest," or Green's "History of England," represent national dramas, start questions about causes and events, and prompt the inquirer to read the book. These two allied sciences are happily combined in the Historical Geography before us. The title accurately describes the purpose of the work, and the purpose is admirably executed in two octavo volumes. In the first we have the text (650 pages, with a model index), and the second contains sixty-five outline maps, which are not intended for an atlas, but a description of the changing boundaries of European nations from the Homeric Age to the Treaty of Berlin (1878), which did not oust the Turk as Mr. Freeman desired.

The work evinces the critical spirit, fond-

ness for details, breadth of learning, and laborious research, which are manifest in Mr. Freeman's writings. It is much more than a bare presentation of countries and the governments to which they were subject. It is a history of lands, and of nations in their corporate movements. The author says:

"I have little to do with the internal affairs of any country. I have looked at events mainly with reference to their effect on the European map. * * * Our business is with geography as influenced by history, and with history as influenced by geography. With ethnology, with the relations of nations and races to one another, we have to deal only so far as they form one of the agents in history."

He treats of Europe as "preëminently an Aryan continent," but clearly marks the different families of Aryans and the settlements of other races. Due attention is paid to the ethnological elements, or mingled peoples, of the different nations. "The latest intruders" and their supporters are caustically described thus:

"The Ottoman Turks are an artificial nation which has been kept up by the constant incorporation of European renegades who have thrown aside the speech, the creed, and the civilization of Europe."

The valuable chapter on ecclesiastical geography does not carry us beyond the limits of the Latin Church in the ancient and middle ages. The base lines of this most readable of all geographies known to us, and the bonds of unity in it, are the Roman and German Empires. It very clearly portrays their extent, their peoples, their general relations to other governments, their duration, their dissolution, and their outcome in new nationalities. In his final summary the author says:

"We have seen how the older states of Europe gradually lose themselves in the dominion of Rome, how the younger states gradually spring out of the dominion of Rome. * * * We have seen the Western Empire first pass to a German prince, then gradually shrink into a German kingdom, to be finally dissolved in a German Confederation. We have watched the states which split off at various dates from its body, the power of France on one side, the power of Austria on another, the powers of Italy on a third, the free states of Switzerland at one end, the free states of the Netherlands at the other. * * * We have seen how Europe may be said to have spread herself beyond her geographical limits in the foundation of new European states beyond the ocean. In thus tracing the historical geography of Europe, we have made the round of the world. Wherever we have gone we have carried Europe with us: we have never got beyond the power of the two influences, which, mingling into one, have made Europe all that it has been. The whole of European history is embodied

in the formula which couples together the "rule of Christ and Cæsar"; and that joint rule still goes on, in the shape of moral influence, wherever the tongues and the culture of Europe win new realms for themselves in the continents of the Western or in the islands of the Southern Ocean."

W. M. BLACKBURN.

CARLYLE'S PHILOSOPHY.*

Next to Emerson's brief but wise summary of his "Impressions" of Carlyle, Mr. Mead's book is the most noticeable attempt on this side of the water to interpret his character and genius, since his death. The book is modest in scope as well as in size, and evidently aims not at a complete and final exposition, but rather to give an outline view of its subject, and to contribute something to that fuller and more detailed study of Carlyle which will not be a hasty or immediate work. Emerson has said of Shakespere that it has required all of the three hundred years which have elapsed since he wrote to familiarize us with the various aspects and qualities of his genius, and that much yet remains to be explored before we can know him fully. Something of this truth applies to Carlyle, who is as unique and phenomenal in English literature as Shakespere is. He is even more difficult to understand. Says Taine:

"With him, paradoxes are set down for principles; common-sense takes the form of absurdity. We are, as it were, carried into an unknown world, whose inhabitants walk head downward, feet in the air, dressed in motley, as great lords and maniacs, with contortions, jerks, and cries; we are grievously stunned by these extravagant and discordant sounds; we want to stop our ears, we have a headache, we are obliged to decipher a new language. * * * He cannot remain quiet, or stick to one literary province at a time. He leaps in unimpeded jerks from one end of the field of ideas to the other; he confounds all styles, jumbles all forms, heaps together Pagan allusions, Bible reminiscences, German abstractions, technical terms, poetry, slang, mathematics, physiology, archaic words, neologies. There is nothing he does not tread down and ravage. The symmetrical constructions of human art and thought, dispersed and upset, are piled under his hands into a vast mass of shapeless ruins, from the top of which he gesticulates and fights like a conquering savage."

Evidently to this French writer all this is but little less than madness. The matter, however, which even the acute Frenchman was unable to decide, and which is not yet decided by Carlyle's own countrymen, but on the de-

cision of which the whole question of his worth in literature depends, is the nature of this madness, and how far there is a method in it. Madness and sanity are to a great extent relative terms; it will scarcely do to call a man mad because we cannot agree with him or cannot understand him. Ideas are not to be tried by votes, but by time and the influence of other ideas; and even the smallest boys in the history classes know something of the frequency with which the big majorities have been found on the wrong side. Between the perceptive capacities of the foremost and those of the "mass"—i. e. the insight of the foremost clouded by the muddiness of vision of the hindmost—there is a disparity which may easily make the perceptions of the former appear insane and incredible to the latter. It is no doubt for some wise reason that great ideas are invested with an incapacity for making quick headway in the world; and especially must their recognition be deferred when clothed in strange and unfamiliar fashions of expression. It might have been the fault of Taine, and not that of Carlyle, that he was unable to see, beneath this "exaggerated and demoniac style" which so distressed him, the sanity of understanding and of purpose which revealed itself to Emerson, who so early perceived in the essential teachings of Carlyle a profound and vital and reconcilable philosophy. To explain and define this philosophy of Carlyle—to follow by a reasoning and inquiring process the intuitions of Emerson—is the purpose of Mr. Mead in the present work. He points out that a correct apprehension of Carlyle can come only from a thorough—and not second-hand—study of *all* his works, and seeks to show that in them may be found, in spite of seeming contradictions, in spite of the exaggerations and rhetorical excesses which are their superficial part, a philosophy that is eminently sound, practical, and consistent. His cynicism, his "pessimism," his ethics, his German idealism, his religion, his politics, are all discussed, if not fully, yet freely and suggestively. In speaking of his contradictions, which have been so much dwelt upon, Mr. Mead observes:

"He puts things one-sidedly because his nature is concentrated and intense, and he utters the thought of the moment freely because he knows it is an honest thought and comes from the same centre as that other which flew away north by northeast."

*THE PHILOSOPHY OF CARLYLE. By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Carlyle's cynicism and frequent bad humor are not disputed; but it is observed that any consideration of these qualities must be physiological as well as psychological. As Mrs. Carlyle said to Mrs. Oliphant, "if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been better, there is no telling what he might have done." There is force, too, in Mr. Mead's remark that Carlyle's later writings should be studied in the light of his earlier utterances, made before ill-health and suffering had clouded his view and affected his temper. A man who for forty years has suffered from chronic dyspepsia can hardly be expected—at least medical men will not expect him—to take a rose-colored view of things or of people; and it is undoubtedly to Carlyle's grumbling stomach and exasperated nerves rather than to his natural disposition that we should look for the cause of much of the bitterness and savagery of his later years.

Mr. Mead very sensibly excludes from his book all but a brief mention of the unfortunate "Reminiscences." The world has surely heard enough of them, and will dismiss them with a feeling of pity for their author and regret that they should ever have been published.

"If [says Mr. Mead] Mr. Froude's editorial duties were discharged in a slipshod, altogether uncritical manner, his haste in publishing these disjointed jottings was quite indecent. No need of hurry to do anything or say anything about Carlyle, for he will not be forgotten to-morrow. These bristling personal allusions could not help angering and grieving a thousand people; a dozen years hence they would not have seemed so personal. The careful student of Carlyle, to whom the personal considerations do not mean very much, finds little to affect his estimate of the man's thought and character."

Far better is it, turning from the bitterness of those unkind jeers, as inconsequent and unreal as the ravings of a patient in the delirium of fever, to study his genius in his earlier and truer works, and to take the lesson of his life from the noble words in which he speaks his farewell to his great German master:

"The unwearied Workman now rests from his labors; the fruit of these is left growing and to grow. His earthly years have been numbered and ended; but of his activity, for it stood rooted in the Eternal, there is no end. The literature of Europe will pass away; Europe itself, the Earth itself, will pass away; this little life-boat of an Earth, with its noisy crew of a mankind and all their troubled history, will one day have vanished, faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What, then, is man! What, then, is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed

before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning gives assurance), a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time, that triumphs over Time, and *is* and will be, when Time shall be no more.

"And now we turn back into the world, withdrawing from this new-made grave. The man whom we love lies there: but glorious, worthy; and his spirit yet lives in us with an authentic life. Could each here vow to do his little task, even as the Departed did his great one, in the manner of a true man, not for a Day, but for Eternity! To live as he counselled and commanded, not commodiously in the reputable, the plausible, the half, but resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the True."

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., in bringing before the American public the complete stories of Björnstjerne Björnson, will do much to gratify the growing desire to know more about Norway—the land of romantic past and aspiring present. The initial volume of the series, "Synnøve Solbakken," now before us, was Björnson's first novel. It has been famous at home, where, as Professor Anderson, the translator, states in his interesting Introduction, it "became the corner-stone for a new school of literature." Excepting that of Ole Bull, the name of no citizen of Norway has travelled so far beyond the native mountains, glens, and fjords, as that of Björnson; and of the brilliant array of authors of which Norway can now boast, none is so universally known or highly appreciated. Mr. E. W. Gosse, one of the first critics of England, says in his "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe": "It seemed as though every kind of story-telling had been abundantly tried, and as though a new novel must fall upon somewhat jaded ears. But in Björnson we discovered an author who was always simple and yet always enchanting; whose spirit was as masculine as a Viking's, and as pure and tender as a maiden's. Through these little romances there blows a wind as fragrant and refreshing as the odor of the Trondhjem balsam-willows, blown out to sea to welcome the new-comer; and just as this rare scent is the first thing that tells the traveller of Norway, so the purity of Björnson's novelettes is usually the first thing to attract a foreigner to Norwegian literature." The characters of Björnson's stories and dramas are peculiarly lifelike; we soon feel as though we had long held daily intercourse with them. They are presented to the reader, not with lengthy descriptions, but with delicate pen-strokes, making us know them through their actions and their words, even admitting us into the secrets of their inner being. In the volume before us the heroine, Synnøve, gets her family name from Solbakken, the sunny hill where she lived; and we know of no more beautiful delineation of young love, in its purity and freshness, than is found in the simple tale of the affection that grew up between Thorbjörn of the spruce slope (Granliden) and the fair girl of the sunny hill, of whom people said it

was "a blessing to come within the atmosphere of her smiles." The book is characterized by exquisite simplicity, and is overflowing with the daintiest kind of word-painting—as in the description of the relation of the peasant to the church (chapter 2), and of how the forest trees appeared to young Thorbjörn (chapter 3), as he lay dreaming on his back among the red and brown heather, where he had thrown himself to rest after his work. Professor Anderson's Introduction gives a brief sketch of the life and works of Björnson, and a brilliant glimpse of the scenery and conditions amid which his genius developed. The work is translated with fidelity to the spirit and style of the original; and the charming appearance given it by the publishers, with the suggestive fir branch on the cover, certainly enhances its powers of attraction. It seems almost a pity, though, that it could not have been rechristened in the translation, and thus been saved from the misfortune of bearing both a title and an author's name so tripping to English tongues.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S English sketches, with which most recent readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" are more or less familiar, and which have just appeared in a substantial looking volume ("England Without and Within"; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), are a striking suggestion of how much may be made by a keen observer and clever writer out of very commonplace material. The England which Mr. White saw was the England of real every-day life, and the features which he describes are the ordinary ones offered to every traveller; but if others have noted them as carefully, few have written of them so charmingly. The point of view is almost always that of the Yankee; yet nothing could be more unlike the average book of travels than these informal, matter-of-course, untourist-like chronicles. It is not only what he saw, but what he felt and thought, that he recounts; and thus his book is, as he describes it, "the story of a semi-sentimental, semi-critical journey." He has the faculty of touching at once upon the most familiar things, whose very commonness causes them to be overlooked and neglected. Of English fruit he says (p. 108): "Excepting grapes, I found the flavor even of wall-fruit and hot-house fruit comparatively tame. Apples were small and tough; pears, mostly from France, were better, but still inferior; peaches were often fair to the eye, yet at best rather greenish in tint, and within always almost tasteless,—little more than a pleasantly acid, watery pulp. * * The melons, even those which came from Spain, were poor, flashy things." Of the comparative sociability of the English and American temperaments Mr. White remarks: "I have again and again travelled from New York to Boston and from New York to Washington and back, without having one word spoken to me by a stranger, although my journeys have mostly been by daylight; but in England I never went a dozen miles in company with other people without pleasant talk with one or more of them." In contrast with the narrative of commonplace experiences is the fine description of the writer's "Canterbury Pilgrimage," and of the old cathedral as it appeared to him when

standing in it and listening to the music of the invisible choir, with emotions whose record has a touch of pathos in it. The chapter on "English Manners" and "Some Habits of English Life" are especially good; and that on English pronunciation affords an opportunity for exercise in Mr. White's favorite field, which opportunity, it should be said, he uses very moderately, considering the strong temptation it must have offered him.

MR. FAWCETT'S new story, "A Gentleman of Leisure" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will, on the whole, tend to advance that author's reputation as a novelist, and will confirm the demonstration made by "A Hopeless Case" of the marked superiority of his prose to his verse. The later novel has many of the qualities of the earlier—skill in a certain finical kind of character-drawing, finish of style, lightness of touch, aptness in reproducing phases of fashionable life; the characteristics, in short, of the better class of "society novels." But in the later work there is a wider range, and we recognize in it a more ambitious purpose. It introduces a greater number of characters and of supposed "types"; and as most of these are snobs, of various sorts and degrees of snobbishness, it may be supposed that the author's aim is to show the extent and odiousness of snobbery in New York fashionable society. Such a task is not without its embarrassments, since it is not clear that snobs are *per se* any more agreeable in fiction than in real life; and without the brilliant treatment of Thackeray, and with but little charm of plot, a book composed almost wholly of these characters would not seem to appeal powerfully to the sympathies or interest of the reader. The people of this novel, like most of Fawcett's characters, talk much and do little. They are described as possessing "fanatical gentility" and "mincing artificiality"; one of them is "aggressive and impertinent," another "vulgar and capricious," a third "fast and abominable"; yet they have wealth and "tone," and we see them at no end of gorgeous balls and dinner parties, where their conversation is "clad in such facile expression as to win our lenient disregard of its being platitudes." At the leading clubs the young men, who "nearly all have large incomes" and are "immensely gentlemanly," are found to be "always talking like a lot of jockeys." They "don't read," but wear out a new copy of the British Peerage every year or so; they affect everything that is English, and openly despise everything that is American; they "'can't really get anything to wear here' (the speaker pronounced it 'heah')." They "never concern themselves with the politics of their country," but are "always very active just before the important elections—in making bets." Yet these are "our best citizens—those who have the largest share of wealth, culture, and breeding." It must be confessed there is but little inspiration to be had in the society of such characters as these, though Mr. Fawcett succeeds very well in making us believe in their existence and despise them heartily. But the book is relieved by the presence of two really sensible people—Wainwright and Ruth Cheever; and their little romance and its happy termination gives the story,

after all, something of a genuine human interest, which is enhanced by the elegance of the style and good literary workmanship.

MISS PHELPS's story, just finished in the "Atlantic," and issued in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is called "Friends: A Duet." "A Duet" might, however, describe it better. There is certainly more of combat than of music in the struggle between the two friends, the object of which is to decide if it is right for a man to marry his dead friend's widow. This distressing struggle is kept up for seven years, and then ends without settling anything. The man wears the woman out, and she plainly marries him from sheer weariness. When she at last ceases her desperate resistance, her face wears an "expression of entreaty, wild as an eternal regret." We are not even permitted to know if the marriage is a happy one—the only vindication possible for the persistence of the lover. Such a story and such an ending are sufficiently harrowing. The effect is heightened by a nervous, high-strung, almost hysterical style, with traces of the affectation which marred the otherwise superior story of Avis Grey. These unhappy "Friends," with their implorings and denials, their tears and fevers, the confessed failure of their Platonic friendship while fancying themselves ever in the presence of the dead friend and husband, are too great a strain upon the reader's sympathies; and it is really a relief when the story closes, even as unsatisfactorily and dismally as it does.

It is a very agreeable change from the rather vitiated atmosphere of the snobs and shams and artificialities of Mr. Fawcett's characters, and after the high nervous tension of Miss Phelps and her lugubrious pair, to turn to a novel so fresh, easy and healthful as "Mrs. Geoffrey," written by the author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc., and reprinted in this country by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is a story to be read with unmixed pleasure, and laid aside with regret. The heroine, Mona, an artless and lovely Irish girl, is a fascinating and delightful character; and Geoffrey Rodney, who woos and wins her for his bride, is a manly and sensible young fellow in spite of the influence of his worldly and cold-hearted mother. The courtship and lover's talk between the young pair, and their reception at Geoffrey's aristocratic English home, are rendered with much vivacity, naturalness, and ready wit. There is something very charming in the way in which Mona overcomes the hostility of her new relations, and wins everyone to her by her gentleness and goodness. Her conquests of affection are not confined, either, to human kind; the fidelity and perfect docility of her two ferocious bloodhounds testifying to her power, and being the means, also, of saving her husband's life in the desperate midnight encounter in the library with his cousin Paul, who has come from his Australian home to steal a will on which the fortunes of the family and a portion of the story's plot depend. Even this turbulent cousin succumbs to Mona; and his delivery to her of the stolen will, and his violent death soon after, are very dramatic and pathetic.

This tragic episode is the one dark shadow of the story. There are references to the Irish disturbances, and some thrilling incidents connected with them, but these do not divert the reader's attention from the main incidents and actors. They do, however, afford some striking glimpses of Irish life and character. There are some indications of carelessness on the part of the writer; and certain Hibernicisms which seem charming in the conversations have a very surprising effect when introduced into the descriptions. But these blemishes are slight and infrequent; and it is refreshing, in these days of "elegant" novels, to read one which, like Browning's "Pomegranate," "if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

THE fifth volume of Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop" (republished by the Scribners) bears the family likeness. Its kinship to the four older brothers is manifest in the fondness for the roots of words, comparative religions, and Sanskrit texts. In every one of these "Miscellaneous Later Essays"—five in number—Professor Müller's devotion to the science of language evinces his ruling passion. It appears even when he writes "On Freedom," and illustrates his idea of heredity, showing how "a man is born the heir of all the ages." In the essay, or address, on Freedom he does not carry us into metaphysical abstractions, as the title might lead us to suspect, for his aim is to offer some friendly criticism of Mill's book on Liberty, and to show that English individualism is not perishing in the "epidemic of uniformity." A large part of the address deals with English education, especially at the Universities. The lecture on the "Philosophy of Mythology" presents the comparatively new theories of development on that subject. Mr. Cox, who had been charged with drawing from Max Müller the materials for his work on Aryan Mythology, is here chivalrously defended. In the essay on "False Analogies in Comparative Theology" there is a timely caution against the effort to derive Christianity from India, and the imposition practiced upon M. Jacolliot is sufficiently exposed by a scholar who finds no basis in the Vedas for the forced parallel between Krishna and Christ. Jacolliot's quotations are not from the Vedas, but "they simply belong to the second half of the nineteenth century"! People who spell in reformed ways (and P. V. Nasby) may read with interest the essay on Spelling, in which we are told that "English iz chanjing, though bei imperseptibel degreez," and samples are seriously given of a system of semi-phonotypy that would render the degrees very perceptible, even to those "hu hav never lerned hou tu spel." The last paper presents an account and translated specimens of "Sanskrit Texts discovered in Japan." These texts show that most of the Japanese Buddhists adhere to a secondary, corrupted, and degrading form of Buddhism. No doubt they need a better religion, but Professor Müller's offered assistance to young Buddhist priests in the work of restoring the original system would hardly result in any real benefit to that progressive nation.

THE extent to which "bicycling" has passed from a mania to a settled pursuit or pastime, at least in England, is made manifest in the account given by Alfred D. Chandler, of Boston, of his recent "Bicycle Tour in England and Wales"; though this is not at all the purpose of the book, which tells about his month's "run" of seventeen hundred miles, a portion of which was, however, made by coach and railroad. It seems that bicycle maps are published in England—several of which are reproduced in this volume—showing the best routes, and giving details of distances, character of roads, hotels, etc. "Danger boards" are put up at dangerous places by the bicycle clubs; and this practice, Mr. Chandler informs us, has been carried out generally in England. At some places bicycles were "constantly seen in the streets, the bells attached giving notice of their approach." The use of these bells is often made compulsory. It was a common thing for Mr. Chandler and his companion to fall in with travellers on similar vehicles, and journey with them side by side for miles. At one point they met a young man who "had ridden about forty miles that morning, and had about sixty more to do that afternoon and evening before reaching his home." Another time they met on the road "a clergyman and his son who were 'doing' England at the rate of forty miles and more a day. They were sun-burned and well; and by using tricycles, carried with them plenty of clothes, umbrellas, and articles a bicycle-rider dispenses with." These tricycles, Mr. Chandler remarks, are coming more and more into favor in England. Many practical details are furnished by the writer as to expenses, care of machine, choice of route, etc., and the descriptions of scenery are given in an easy and unpretentious but interesting style. The publishers of the little book—A. Williams & Co.—have provided it with a neat dress, and some charming photographic views, in addition to the maps.

ELAINE GOODALE's "Journal of a Farmer's Daughter" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will attract attention chiefly as the work of one of the authors of "Apple Blossoms," the volume of poetry written by the young poet-sisters of the Berkshire hills. This Journal resembles, or rather suggests, but only in its best passages, Thoreau and Burroughs. There is a tender sympathy with nature, and a quick appreciation of its poetic aspects, shown in occasional fine touches of description. But there is too often a self-consciousness, a striving for effect, a lack of naturalness and ease, which we are not surprised, but none the less sorry, to find. These faults are, however, so much to be expected in so young a writer and in a work so subjective as this, that they do not disprove a capacity for really good descriptive writing; and there is enough in the volume to justify high hopes of that which riper years and a happy training may enable her to achieve.

In his idyllic little story called "A Question," Professor Ebers transfers the field of antiquarian romance, of which he is so fond, from Egypt to old Greece. The story of "A Question" is one suggested, as the author tells us in his poetic prelude, by a pic-

ture made by his friend, Alma Tadema, and which haunted his memory and inspired his fancy until there came to him one day "words for the tale that his friend's picture told." The story is a very pretty one, and shows the author as much at home in Greek life and character as his studies have made him with life and character in ancient Egypt. He gives us many delightful glimpses of the times and manners among which his story moves, and succeeds remarkably well in his difficult task of giving individuality to his characters. The heroine, Xanthe, the prominent figure of the picture, is a lovely and charming specimen of a Greek maiden. "A Question" is translated from the German by Mary J. Safford, and published by W. S. Gottsberger.

ANYTHING which will tend to familiarize young people with the best passages of standard authors is to be commended. Such seems the leading purpose of the series of leaflets designed by Josephine E. Hodgdon, whose publication Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have commenced, very appropriately, with selections from Longfellow. The leaflets are fifty-four in number (108 pages), and contain selections from both the poetry and prose of Longfellow, with numerous illustrations. They are intended for homes, libraries, and schools, many useful suggestions being made by the compiler regarding their use in the school-room. Each box, costing fifty cents, contains two sets of the leaflets, one set being loose leaves, the other bound in paper covers. Their neatness, cheapness, and utility will doubtless make them very popular.

WITHOUT any pretence of fulness of description or solidity of discussion, Mrs. Moulton's "Random Rambles" (Roberts Brothers) contain many spirited and agreeable accounts of her travels in Great Britain and on the continent. She possesses evident quickness of observation, with a capacity for "taking in" all details of dress, personal appearance and manners of people whom she sees and meets; and these she reproduces in good reportorial fashion. Her book is occasionally flippant, but it is generally cheerful and piquant.

CAMPBELL's "Handbook of English Synonyms" (Lee & Shepard) is noticeable chiefly for compactness and convenience of arrangement, and for its small size. It is but little larger than the "vest-pocket" books, yet contains 40,000 words, printed in double columns, the leading word in full-faced type, followed by its nearest synonyms. An appendix contains a brief treatment of prepositions, with tables illustrating their idiomatic use. It is an inexpensive and valuable little book.

MR. GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH has written, and Harper & Brothers have printed, a book with the lucid title "!!!". It doubtless will be a relief to the startled reader to know that the work proves to be simply a metempsychosean phantasmagoria. Its merit in a literary sense is considerable; in a philosophical sense it may be expressed by the Hepworthian method as ???

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES.

MR. BURROUGHS'S CRITICISM OF BRYANT.

John Burroughs knows a good deal about things as they appear in the natural world, and his readers have given him full credit for it. But he is not the only one who has studied the woods and fields with an open heart and a clear eye, and he ought to know that he has not seen every region, at every season of the year, of even New York and New England. Because, for instance, he has found some flower in the spring in places where he is familiar, before the appearance of the "Yellow Violet," he has no right to stigmatize as untrue what Bryant says about this blossom—

"Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould."

or to deny that it has a "faint perfume." Bryant wrote about the "Yellow Violet" as he saw it in his watchful, eager youth on the bleak hills of Cumming-ton. There, at least, it was the *first* flower, whatever might be the flora of other localities. It is a pleasure to me to remember that I have stood with him in the identical grove—the one which he celebrates in his noble verses, "Inscription for an entrance to a wood"—and on the very spot where the yellow violet of his song continues to grow; that there he stooped down and culled for me, in his eighty-second year, a handful of the seed-pods of the plant, which are yet in my possession, discoursing at the time in a tender and graceful way about the delicate and modest flower. Though it was August then, its roots were in "the watery mould"—in ground kept dank by hidden springs of the slope and in the thick verdure of stately trees. The picture of the venerable bard bending over the place in the woods is one of the most delightful that my mind retains. As to the fact that the yellow violet which grows in the Cummington woods has a "faint perfume," I would trust Bryant's sense rather than John Burroughs's, though he thinks his scent is so sharp for errors. Bryant's sense of odors was peculiarly keen—subtly exquisite. When a child, the fragrance of new hay, which so many enjoy, was overpowering to him; it fairly sickened him. I have this from his own lips. There are other points of John Burroughs's wisdom that need revising. I may return to him again.

THE POETRY OF SUNRISE.

Anyone who has ever been really moved by the glorious phenomena of sunrise, and who has felt their power to awaken poetic emotions, would naturally expect to meet frequent traces of this inspiration in the works of the greatest masters of poetic expression. Yet how scanty and inadequate would such an one find the poetry of the sunrise to be should he undertake a search for passages of this sort through the English poets!

Shakespeare, truly, with incomparable mastery, has expressed the sunrise (if I may so say) as never hereafter it can be expressed. But how brief and how fleeting are his words!—brief as the rosy blush of dawn itself. And after Shakespeare, when one has named Coleridge's famous Hymn, what poetry of the sunrise is there left? But Coleridge's poem

itself, grand and majestic as it is, can hardly come within my category. It is distinctively a hymn,—a hymn of religious emotion and of praise, but not a poem of the dawn; indeed a sense of mountains, of the regal grandeur of the Alps, is its most perceptible feeling. The true poetry of morning is found rather in such lines as these:

"Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Indeed, the beauties of the sunrise are so evanescent that all the art of a Shakespeare is demanded for their portrayal. Above all, the feeling for words—a sense of the right word in the right place—is required; not the categorical mind, but the intuitive. The charm of a short phrase like this:

"And look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

—the charm of such words is not to be attained by a lesser mind than Shakespeare's. Other lines I might give of his, as:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovran eye.

• • • • •
Yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

• • • • •
Bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus."

But this is only illustrative. The poet Marston has one sentence worthy of Shakespeare:

"See the dapple-grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky."

And Marlowe as well:

"The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils."

Spenser has some lines in the same strain, that are eminently Spenserian:

"At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair;
And hurls his glistening beams through gloomy air."

One image from Keats is worthy of being placed by the side of the foregoing excerpts:

"From the horizon's vanitied side
There shot a golden splendor, far and wide,
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore."

But what else of modern poetry can justly be quoted with these passages? And how fragmentary and incomplete are they all!

Of the poetry of sunset I have said nothing. As far as I have explored, the report must be even more unsatisfactory. However, I cannot forbear giving one picture by Keats of the clouds at sunset:

"Up-plied,
The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants."

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE FRIENDS OF WOULD-BE AUTHORS.

I have long wished some one would write an essay on the duties of the friends of aspiring but inexperienced writers regarding the MSS. submitted for

their opinion. Everyone who has occasion to read the average "author's edition" of a new poem or novel (and these author's editions are easily detected by the initiated, in spite of the regular publisher's imprint) marvels at the lack of sense, the utterly blind fatuity, which could lead a person to rush into print, and pay money to do it, with such hopeless trash. I am satisfied a full examination would show that in most cases the author is the unhappy victim of his friends, who hadn't sense enough or conscience enough to advise him to save both his money and his self-respect. It is, of course, easier to praise than to condemn that little thing our friend has shown us, and it seems generous and appreciative of us to tell him it is worthy of Tennyson or Thackeray; but this is a very easy way of doing a friend an injury, and a very cheap way of shirking a responsibility. It is true that these perfunctory praises deceive no one but the poor victim; his infatuation is usually held by himself alone; and as far as the publishers are concerned, they early learn to look with distrust upon MSS. accompanied by commendations from the family physician or clergyman. But the writer himself has rights, and one of these is that if we tell him anything we tell him the truth. The truth may seem harsh at first, but will prove best in the long run. If the candidate for authorship has no sense, his MSS. ought to be condemned anyhow; and if he has sense, something may be trusted to that. It is highly probable that the recipient of the following kind and candid letter—which chances to come into my hands just in time to enable me to use it for a *pat illustration*—was not able at first to feel that fulness of gratitude which such frankness and sincerity is entitled to; but long meditation and the lapse of years will undoubtedly bring him to a more philosophic and tender mood. Here is the letter, just as it was sent, except the names:

DEAR SIR: I return herewith the little story you were so kind as to leave with me for judgment. The grammar is of fair average quality, and the sentiments are harmless; but until the preservation of the merest commonplaces of very young and inexperienced persons shall become a sacred duty, such a story as this can have no *raison d'être*. If the characters could be placed in an asylum for feeble-minded children for a few years (say an hundred) they might become interesting; but as they are purely literary creations, this would seem to be impracticable. When the "*Pall Mall Gazette*" was started, the prospectus announced that it was to be edited by gentlemen for gentlemen. This little love story, so destitute of passionate coloring as to be almost sexless, I venture to suppose was written by a lady for a lady.

To ———, Esq.

Yours, etc., ———.

With more of this sort of candor in private literary criticism, there would be fewer worthless books and fewer disappointed authors.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. LOWELL is collecting material in England for a new memoir of Hawthorne.

PROF. H. H. BOYESEN is to become instructor in German in Columbia College.

"BABY RUE" is the title of the ninth and latest novel in the No Name (Second) Series.

MR. BANCROFT has nearly finished correcting the proofs of the final volume of his history.

"ST. NICHOLAS" and "Scribner's Monthly" appear for July with the imprint of the new Century Co.

MR. HOWELLS's new serial story, "Dr. Breen's Practice," will be begun in the August "Atlantic."

THE American Philological Association will hold its thirteenth annual session at Cleveland, commencing Tuesday, July 12.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued "Farm Festivals," by Will Carleton, illustrated; also "Beauty in Dress," by Miss Oakley.

"THE GEORGIANS" will be the next volume in Osgood's Round-Robin Series. It is a Southern story, introducing negroes and "poor whites."

M. LITTRÉ, an eminent French man of letters, compiler of the great dictionary which bears his name, died in France in the early part of June, at the age of eighty.

"HARPER'S" for July contains sixty illustrations. There is a sad coincidence in the appearance of the poem by Mr. Field and the tender tribute to him by Mr. Curtis in the "Easy Chair."

PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of Michigan University, will open a five weeks' course of lectures in the department of Geology and Paleontology of the "Summer Institute" at Martha's Vineyard, July 13.

THE July "Wide Awake" presents a novelty in the shape of a "Children's Operetta," words and music complete, occupying thirteen pages. It is entitled "Dragon-Fly Day," and is adapted for summer entertainments.

IN the June number of the "Magazine of Art," Mr. E. W. Gosse has an interesting paper on the English sculptor Thornycraft, with illustrations of that artist's works, executed in the best style of this elegant and valuable periodical.

THE "Popular Science Monthly" for July has a valuable illustrated article on "The Races of Man-kind," by E. B. Tylor, F.R.S., taken from the author's work on "Anthropology," which is the most important of recent scientific publications.

MISS MARIE A. BROWN, an enthusiastic student of Norse literature and translator of some of its masterpieces in prose and verse, will give, during the summer, at various places both East and West, parlor lectures on Swedish authors, with readings from their works.

MR. ROBERT P. PORTER, who has earned a substantial reputation as a writer upon statistical and economic topics, has an article on "Eight Decades of a Century" in the July "International," in which he considers some of the more important problems raised by our late census.

GAIL HAMILTON appears once more in print, in a characteristic article on "The Gentlemen's Contributions to the Ladies' Deposit," in the July "Atlantic." She seems less disturbed by the fraud of the Boston Woman's Bank than by the unfeeling criticisms of the other sex on feminine financiering.

A NOVEL periodical is "The Monograph," published fortnightly by Q. P. Index, Bangor, Maine.

It is a series of reprinted essays, chiefly historical, by such writers as E. A. Freeman, Goldwin Smith, Karl Hillebrand, etc. Each issue contains a very full index to its own contents and to the rest of the series.

THE "North American Review" sends out an uncommonly strong number for July. Carl Schurz discusses "Present Aspects of the Indian Problem," James Parton "The Power of Public Plunder," Henry George "The Common Sense of Taxation," Henry Bergh "The Cost of Cruelty," and R. H. Stoddard gives "A Study of Tennyson" in his best critical style.

THE "Hammock Series" is the title adopted by H. A. Sumner & Co. for a series of summer novels, of which "No Gentlemen" (noticed in last month's DIAL) is the first issue, and the second is "Barberine," an adaptation from the French, by Mary Neal Sherwood. This firm has recently issued Bush's Notes on Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Joshua, and Judges, one volume each.

THE best thing about "The Californian," of San Francisco, for July, is its adoption of THE DIAL's suggestion of larger type and unrolled copies. All but one or two of the magazines are now mailed in flat packages, and these must soon adopt that method. To roll up a large and heavy magazine for sending through the mails is outrageous treatment. The "Californian" has, too, some good articles, and is evidently making headway.

AN unusually interesting group of pictures appear in the July "Scribner," in an article by Mr. W. C. Brownell on "The Younger Painters of America." The first picture is by Mr. Sargent, a pupil of Carolus Duran, who has just taken a prize in the French Salon; then follow Maynard's portrait of Frank D. Millet, and pictures by Tiffany, Douglas Volk, Maria R. Oakley, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Bartol, Miss Knowlton, and Miss Cassatt. Mr. Cable's "Madame Delphine" and Mr. Howells's "A Foregone Conclusion" are both concluded in this number.

THE second volume of Viollet-le-Duc's "Discourses on Architecture," translated by Benjamin Brucknall, an English architect, and illustrated by nineteen steel engravings and ninety-three wood-cuts, has just been published by J. R. Osgood & Co., who published the first volume of this meritorious work six years ago. The same firm also issue "A Book of Love Stories," by Nora Perry; and an octavo volume of essays on "General McClellan's Campaign on the Peninsula," the first of a series of volumes on different campaigns and battles of the war for the Union.

MACMILLAN & Co's latest publications include Thomas Hughes's account of the New Settlement at Rugby, Tennessee; Professor Jowett's English translation of Thucydides, in two volumes; "The English Flower-Garden," by H. A. Bright; two additional volumes (X and XI) in Max Müller's series of "Sacred Books of the East," and two of Charles Kingsley's novels in the new Eversley edition; Mr. Lang's volume on "The Library," in the "Art at Home" series; and "The Poetry of Byron," chosen and arranged, with an introductory essay, by Matthew

Arnold, — a new volume of the "Golden Treasury" series.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co. will publish, during the first half of July, "Domestic Folk-Lore," by Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A. Oxon. (vol. 5 in Cassell's Popular Library); also "Wood Magic, A Fable," by Richard Jefferies, author of "Game-Keeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern Country," etc. This firm has recently issued "Rev. Rowland Hill, Preacher and Wit," by Edward W. Browne, with an introduction by Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. (vol. 4 of Cassell's Popular Library); and "The Gun and its Development, with Notes on Shooting," by W. W. Greener, author of "Modern Breech-Loaders," "Choke Bore Guns," etc., — a handsome quarto, with five hundred illustrations.

J. R. OSGOOD & Co's reproduction of Walter Crane's "The First of May, a Fairy Masque," shows not so much the superior cheapness and excellence of American processes in engraving — as was the rather loose statement of the New York "Evening Mail" — as that very good copies of elegant illustrations can be made on a scale which, while it reduces about proportionately their value and cost, opens for them a greatly widened field by bringing them within the popular range. Mr. Crane's original work is published in two impressions, of 200 and 300 copies each, one being sold at \$80 and the other at \$48 per copy. It is simply a magnificent work; and it is absurd to suppose that an American firm, or any other firm, could duplicate it at \$2.50 per copy. It remains true, however, that Messrs. Osgood & Co. have produced a beautiful and charming work, well worth the low price at which they offer it.

D. LOTHROP & Co. publish simultaneously with the revised version of the New Testament "The Story of the Manuscripts," by Rev. George E. Merrill, of Salem, an account of the manuscripts used by the revisers, and illustrated with six facsimiles. This house has also in press a new edition of J. S. C. Abbott's "History of Christianity," with maps and illustrations; an "Illustrated Birthday Text-book," with quotations from Shakespeare; and illustrated editions of Miss Yonge's "Golden Deeds" and "Prince and the Page." Messrs. Lothrop have a long list of juveniles already in hand for the holiday trade. They also have in preparation the "Rossetti Shakespeare," a new and complete one volume edition, which is to have a life, a chronology, critical and explanatory notes, a portrait, a list of early editions, a list of useful books for the student, illustrations, list of important quotations and leading characters, and a glossary.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT will soon issue "The Fate of Madame La Tour," a Mormon story, by Mrs. A. G. Paddock, who has resided in Utah for many years, and who, although a Gentile and the wife of a Gentile, has lived upon the most intimate terms with Mormons, dwelling among them and having them in her family. The same firm has just published a little book of interest to the medical profession, entitled "A New Form of Nervous Disease," by Dr. Wm. S. Searle, of Brooklyn. It describes and dis-

cusses the symptoms, nature, causes, and treatment of what Dr. Searle considers a new nervous affection, and contains also a careful essay on the Peruvian Coca plant, the leaves of which possess such peculiar properties in their effects on the human nervous organization. The same firm publish also an edition of the Revised New Testament having all the "readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee of Revision" incorporated into the text, the work being done by President Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. This edition has been copyrighted as the "American Version."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of June by Messrs. JAMES, McCLELLAND & Co., Chicago.]

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

Military History of Ulysses S. Grant. From April 1861, to April 1865. By Adam Badeau. Vols. II, III. 8vo. \$2.00.

"A work which will long be accepted as a classic history of the greatest war of modern times." *New York Herald.*

The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth, \$10.00. Sheep, \$12.00.

History of Ancient Egypt. By Geo. Rawlinson, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London. \$21.00.

The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. During the Congress of Vienna. (Hitherto unpublished.) With notes, etc. By M. G. Fallais. 12mo, pp. 621. \$1.00.

The Same. 12mo, pp. 312. 75 cents.

The Same. Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.

"A series of letters from Talleyrand, describing his course and plans at one of the greatest crises of European history, is a treasury such as has not been opened before in a generation." *Publisher's Notice.*

Mex Perce Joseph. An account of his ancestors, lands, confederates, enemies, murders, war, and his pursuit and capture. By O. O. Howard, Brig. Gen. U. S. A. 12mo, pp. 274. \$2.50.

Hidden Power. A secret history of the Indian ring, its operations, etc. A defense of the U. S. Army, and a solution of the Indian problem. By T. H. Tibbles. 12mo, pp. 356. \$1.50.

England, Without and Within. By Richard Grant White. 12mo, pp. 601. \$2.00.

"So rich and acute and thoughtful observation, and is so attractively written, that it cannot fail to instruct and charm a multitude of readers." *Publisher's Notice.*

A Bicycle Tour in England and Wales, etc. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 161. \$3.00.

BIOGRAPHY.

Edgar Quinet. His early life and writings. By Richard Heath. "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." 8vo, pp. 370. \$4.50.

Memorials of Lord Beaconsfield. Reprinted from "The Standard." 12mo, pp. 248. \$1.25.

Charles Henry Brigham. Memoir and papers. 12mo, pp. 451. \$1.75.

Count Agenor De Gasparin. From the French of Thomas Borel. 12mo, pp. 123. \$1.00.

"A concise and well written biography of a man whose name should be held in perpetual memory by every American." *Inter-Ocean.*

Rev. Rowland Hill: Preacher and wit. By Edward W. Broome. 18mo, pp. 182. Paper, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

ESSAYS, BELLES-LETTRES, ETC.

Chips From a German Workshop. By F. Max Muller, M.A. Vol. V. Miscellaneous Essays. 12mo, pp. 247. \$2.00.

Virginibus Puerisque, and other papers. By Robert L. Stevenson. 12mo, pp. 194. London. \$1.40.

The Republic of Republics; or, American Federal Liberty. By F. C. Cents. Fourth Edition. 8vo, pp. 606. \$3.50.

The Philosophy of Carlyle. By Edwin D. Mead. 16mo, pp. 140. \$1.00.

Cornell and Racine. By Henry M. Trollope. "Foreign Classics for English readers." Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. 16mo, pp. 214. \$1.00.

A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books. A Plea for Bibliomania. By Daniel M. Tredwell. 8vo. Vellum covers, \$1.50. Large paper, \$2.00.

Shakespeare Birthday Text-Book. Illustrated. 22mo, 50 cents.

Leaflets From Standard Authors. Longfellow. Compiled by Josephine E. Hodgson. 50 cents.

Etiquette of Social Life in Washington. By Mrs. Madeleine V. Dahlgren. New Edition. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

The Library. By Andrew Lang. "Art at Home." 12mo, pp. 184. \$1.25.

Beauty in Dress. By Miss Oakley. 16mo. \$1.00.

Home Grounds. By Alex F. Oakley. "Appleton's Home Books." 12mo, pp. 119. 60 cents.

Manual of Commercial Correspondence in French. By Prof. H. M. Monsanto. 12mo, pp. 123. \$1.00.

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The Gun, and its development. With notes on shooting. By W. W. Greener. Illustrated. Square. 8vo, pp. 674. \$7.50.

Ideality in the Physical Sciences. By Benjamin Peirce. 12mo, pp. 211. \$1.75.

GUIDE BOOKS.

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